EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. I. — No. 14. BOSTON, MARCH 14, 1886. Entered as second-class mail matter.

A QUEEN'S GIRLHOOD.

BY G. D. P.

"'Oh, Fortune, how thy restless, wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit!
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit!'
. . . . . .
Quoth Elizabeth, *prisoner*."

THE milkmaids in Woodstock Park sang merrily over their milking, while the Princess Elizabeth, a prisoner in the castle, envied their lot. One day some one found the lines, quoted above, written with a piece of charcoal on a shutter; for to the royal prisoner even paper, pens, and ink were denied. She was hardly more than a young girl herself at that time; though her life had been filled with so many dangers, and she had passed through so many changes of fortune, that I dare say she felt much older than the merry milkmaids. All through her youth she had been alternately in and out of her fickle father's favor, — now, his daughter and a royal princess; then, only the "Lady Elizabeth," so far forgotten that her women had to ask for clothes to cover her; now, surrounded by every luxury, with a retinue of servants at her command; by and by, a closely guarded prisoner at her sister's order, with the axe and block apparently before her. No wonder she envied the singing milkmaids! How was it possible even that she could write of "the joys I quit"? What were they?

QUEEN ELIZABETH IN HER YOUTH.

Foremost among them must have been the years she spent with her brother, Prince Edward, studying under the direction of the learned and lovely Catherine Parr, their step-mother. The Princess was at that time about twelve or thirteen years old, and looked, I presume, very much as you see her in the picture above. Her hair was light auburn, her eyes blue, and she had very beautiful hands, of which she was sometimes vain. Her brother was always very fond of her. He called her "dearest sister," and "sweet sister Temperance," which would seem to denote that she was patient and amiable. She was allowed to share with her brother the instruction of his tutors, and she profited well by it. At this time she could both speak and write Latin, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish, understood the principles of geography, architecture, mathematics, and astronomy, while she had made considerable advance in the sciences. Her penmanship was elegant. History was her favorite study, and she devoted three hours daily to that alone. A very important part of her education was the study of the Scriptures. You will remember that, in those times, the Bible was not to be had in English. Every day the Prince and Princess translated a portion of the Scriptures; and at the Queen's suggestion, Elizabeth compiled a little manual of devotions in Latin, French, and English. Their translations seem generally to have been of a serious cast. We read of one from the Italian, called "The Glasse of the Synnefull Soule," and another from the French, "A Godly Meditation of the Soule concerning Love towardes Christe our Lorde." Rather grave subjects for such children, we should think now; but not so thought the pious Queen.

Of course, they were not always studying. Edward, the Prince, went out of doors for more active pursuits, and Elizabeth turned to her music. She played both the viol — an instrument like the modern violin — and the lute, which resembles the guitar, and is played in the same way. She is said to have been very skilful, though she did not enjoy music much; which only shows that she must have worked all the harder to acquire proficiency. When her "practising" was done, her embroidery waited for her; and in that she was also skilful, having learned to use her needle very early in life; for on her brother's second birthday, when she was only six years old, she gave him a cambric shirt which she had made herself.

At the age of sixteen Elizabeth became the scholar of the learned Roger Ascham, to whom she was so much attached, that after she was queen she still employed him to read with her. He was very much surprised to find so learned a young girl, and writes of her ardent love of religion and literature, her quick apprehension, retentive memory, and "masculine power of application." She was certainly a very remarkable young girl; but, without doubt, it is to Catherine Parr that England is indebted for much that made Elizabeth its best and greatest queen. Often did she say to her young charge, "God has given you great qualities; cultivate them always, and labor to improve them, for I believe that you are destined by Heaven to be Queen of England."

We are not talking of the Queen, however, but of the Princess; and I copy here a poet's description of her manners at this age, which is certainly charming: —

"For as this lady was a princess born,
So she in princely virtue did excel;
Humble she was, and no degree would scorn,
To talk with poorest souls she liked well:
The sweetest violets bend nearest to the ground,
The greatest states in lowliness abound."

PIERRE'S TRIP IN SNOW-SHOE LAND.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

HE leaned against the frame of the doorway in the stockade of the fort, and looked out upon a wide land of snow and ice. A path bordered by huge winter drifts led down to a river, whose only sign that it was a river was a big air-hole, the mouth of the dark, icy well where those in the fort obtained their water. At the left of the fort towered and tapered the big shapely spruces of a northern forest, — tents that summer had dared to pitch and leave in a country where Jack Frost is king so many months. Oh that white country of King Frost, far, far to the north! A little green makes such a cheerful variety in this land of the cold white snow. If the scenery was cheerless, so was also the soul of the observer. Pierre, leaning against the rough wooden gateway of the fort, was deeply immersed in a sea of despondency. He had come from Lower Canada and entered the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose trading-posts dot a vast, dreary land far to the north of us. A year's work had proved his efficiency, and yet he felt that he was working against opposition. Who was it that talked behind his back? Antoine? the fellow with black little eyes like a mole's under brows like the eaves of a thatched roof? "I think he is the one," declared Pierre, leaning against the gateway of the rude little fort. "I know he talked about me last night. Because I did n't bring in the furs from the river that they talked about, I am not to blame. I did not find any cached there, as they said I should. Hunted long enough! I know that."

A cache is a hiding-place made by the hunters. Antoine had left valuable furs in a cache. No doubt of this. Others had seen him. When Pierre was sent to find and bring them in, he returned empty-handed.

"Ah!" said Antoine, "you were afraid of a little cold, and came home early." Sneeringly Antoine spoke.

"No, sir!" shouted Pierre, indignantly. Who would believe him, though? No one except a young fellow, Henri.

Then Pierre was in debt to the superintending officer of the fort, Cradberry. Money had been advanced personally by Cradberry, a sharp-eyed, yellow-whiskered man. Antoine had found this out, and was swift but sly to use the fact against Pierre.

"Why don't the boy pay? Says that his mother will send money from Canada? Why don't she send? Looks like cheating," said Antoine to the occupants of the fort.

"That's so," added Bangs, the store-keeper, a solemn-eyed man who was disposed to see the shady side of the subject. His disposition was like blue glass, coloring all the landscape seen through it. In private, Henri, the boy who helped Bangs, the store-keeper, remarked to him, "I think Antoine has a spite against Pierre. Somebody is going to be promoted in the fort, and Cradberry will pick either Antoine or Pierre."

Pierre, leaning against the stockade of the fort, did not know of any chance for promotion. He only knew that he was unhappy in the presence of that public opinion which, managed by somebody, had slow, suspicious eyes for his merits and swift ones for his demerits.

"Oh, mother," he sighed, "I wish I had some of your patience!"

"Mother!" At the word, he saw a little thatched farm-house on the St. Lawrence, and by its kitchen fire a gentle-faced little woman, who said, before her son left for the wild northland, "Pierre, have patience! For your difficulties, have patience. When people talk about you and against you, have patience. Just hold on and wait, and ask God to help you wait. Patience, patience, patience!"

"Thank you, Mother," now said Pierre to himself. "I did have a great mind to run away when summer came, and I am unhappy and blue to-day; but I will have patience — if I can. May God help me to do my duty!"

The thought of the little woman by the kitchen-fire in the St. Lawrence farm-house was so helpful to Pierre that he went whistling through the stockade-gate, threw a smile at the half-starved dogs growling about, and sincerely wished the smile had been a bone covered with buffalo.

"Pierre, come in," said Henri, the clerk, standing in the door of the store. The store had two apartments, an outer and an inner; and in the wall separating the two was a window. The Indians bringing furs were admitted in pairs to this outer apartment, and approaching the window, could look within and see — Paradise to them! Such gayly-colored cloth, such big, warm blankets, such a heap of glittering beads, such far-shooting guns, such — a happy land! Projecting through two holes in the ceiling were the muzzles of two guns. If the dusky customers tried to overawe the trader, perhaps in their avarice deal the man at the window a deadly blow, the battery overhead would be likely to quell the rebellion.

"Say, Pierre!"

"What is it, Henri?"

"You know how troublesome the Indians are about here."

"Yes."

"Well, Cradberry has got word through a half-breed that they are going to surprise us this week."

"Indeed!"

"He has got to send off to the next fort for help."

"Who's going?"

"He asked Antoine."

"Did he say he would go?"

"You ought to have seen his face when he heard Cradberry. 'Oh, dear! I've got an awful ache in my back! Ow — ow!' said Antoine. 'Would like — to — go — but — ow — ow!' Cradberry sent him to the hospital."

"I will go."

"You, Pierre?"

"Yes."

And off he went on a journey of sixty miles in snow-shoe land. He put on his snow-shoes. These were about four feet long; at the centre they had a width of fifteen inches, then tapered to either end. They were covered with a netting of deer-skin sinews, on which rested the feet of the runner. The snow-shoes' spreading surface prevented the sinking of the feet into the snow. Pierre's moccasins were attached at the toes to the shoes, but not at the heels. As he raised his foot, the shoe trailed upon the snow.

"Pierre, I want to send some furs with you, and I 'll have a dog-team out, if you say so," remarked Cradberry.

"All right, sir."

The freight-sledge was brought out. A very simple thing to make, apparently, — only two thin boards of birch, or perhaps oak. These are fastened together with strings of deer-skin. In front they are turned up, making a graceful curve. And how long? From three to four yards. And how wide? About a foot and a quarter. The dogs' traces are attached to the front of the sledge, and the dogs — four will do — are stationed within the traces, one behind the other.

Away went Pierre, running beside his load of furs and urging on his dogs. Into what a white, silent land, one limitless area of snow, the snow-shoe runner now hastened!

"Good!" he said at night. "Made thirty miles! Lonely, but I will have some music out of a fire!"

He brushed away the snow under a lofty pine, started a roaring fire, fed his dogs on pemmican, and then for himself steeped a lively cup of tea and cooked a venison steak.

He was watching the rush of the golden flames toward the white, frosty stars, when he said, "What 's that?"

He noticed a small object crouching on the snow, about twenty feet away. At the same time the dogs growled and crept toward it.

"Away!" he shouted. "Away, there! Take this, and off with ye!"

Seizing a blazing brand, he pitched it with his compliments toward the intruder. "A fox," he said. "There it goes!"

How still was the white, frozen land after this challenge from the young driver! So far from friends, too! Yet he felt no fear. A good conscience within and God everywhere, why should he fear? To that strong, loving Presence he commended himself, replenished his fire, and then stretched out, a buffalo robe under him, two above him, and his feet to the hot fire.

"Fall in there!" he was shouting at an early hour next morning to his dogs. Away they went, springing over the snow, and by noon he saw the stockade of another fort. The dogs halted, and Pierre hunted up Miner, the head official at the fort.

"What do you say?" he asked. "Indians coming? You want help? Take back word that it shall be there next day after to-morrow. And here is the mail. The carrier is taken sick here suddenly; but you carry the mail to your fort, and he will come soon and give it a lift farther north."

Off went the sledge again, exchanging its load of furs for the precious mail, coming so rarely from the outside world, and then sent over the white prairies, along the frozen rivers, and through the dense, lonely forests.

The next day Pierre was back in his old quarters; and still another day, six loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, snow-shoes under their feet and guns over their shoulders, glided in a noiseless file within the stockade.

"Pierre," said Cradberry, the evening after their arrival, "I noticed at sunset some Indians suspiciously stealing by the fort; but they saw our riflemen looking over the stockade, and concluded to make us no visit. And, Pierre, I heard by this mail from your mother. You will be glad to know that you and I are all square. And, Pierre," he said once more, "I have concluded to promote you to that vacancy in the fort, you know."

"Oh, dear!" inwardly growled Antoine, who overheard this.

"Hurrah!" shouted Henri, another hearer. "He deserves it."

Pierre, though, gave the credit to her who advised patience, patience, patience!

BABET AND CAPUCHIN.

BY MRS. HENRIETTE CUSHING.

OVER the sea, on the coast of beautiful, sunny France, lived Babet Chandol; Babet's father was a fisherman, and spent most of his time in the "Aigle," his boat. When Babet was four years old, he made his first voyage with his father, and his ambition was to make the "Aigle" fly over the sea as his father did. It was not long before he learned to know the names of the ropes and how to handle them. "Look!" the sailors on the wharf would say, "there is Chandol and his mate." Babet's home on land was hardly more comfortable than the "Aigle;" yet it was always bright and cheerful to Babet, for he could see the ocean from the windows. Two rooms below and a loft above were all the house contained, and the loft could only be reached by a ladder from the outside. Some pet pigeons were lodgers here, and their soft cooing was Babet's lullaby. Babet's bed, which was above his father's, was arranged like a ship's berth, and was reached by a ladder also; therefore climbing up into the pigeon-roost was not a task even for Babet's baby feet. Babet had no mother, and when he was old enough to go about, his father bought a beautiful St. Bernard dog to take care of his little one while he was on the sea. A most careful nurse was Capuchin, — a nurse who never lost sight of his charge when he was awake; and when Babet slept, Capuchin stretched himself out on the stone floor beside the bed to watch. Babet and Capuchin came to be looked upon as brothers in the little village, and no one spoke of the one without speaking of the other; they were never separated. Some people even said they grew to look alike; but that must have been because of their yellow hair, which was quite as thick and curling on Babet's head as it was on Capuchin's back. It was not long before Babet had learned to sail so well that his father bought a little boat, that he might go out in the bay alone. "He will drown," the neighbors said, one to another, as they gazed on the funny, tub-like boat, and Babet with the tiny sail in his hand.

"Never," his father answered. "He is a true sailor lad, and he will never drown; besides, Capuchin is there." And so of course Babet grew very brave, and his father's praise made him very proud.

At length there came a fête-day, or holiday, which was to be celebrated in a little town over across the bay with all sorts of exhibitions of strength, such as jumping, running, and dancing; and prizes were to be given to those who did best.

Babet had been promised that he should go; and bright and early he was on the wharf, dressed in a clean, coarse linen blouse and a pair of short blue trousers, with a red scarf tied about his neck. Capuchin was beside his little master, knowing well that something was going to happen, and he wagged his tail joyously.

"Yes, yes, my Capuchin, you shall be my mate to-day, for my father will not be with us in the boat," Babet said.

They had not long to wait, for Babet's father came promptly to help him get started across the bay. There were kindly neighbors of Chandol's standing about the wharf, who offered to take Babet over to the little town; but the father was very proud of his boy's bravery, and politely refused their offers.

On the west coast of France storms often come up so suddenly that one is hardly warned before the gale is upon one.

As the people lingered on the shore watching the little craft they saw a squall strike the water, but they could not see Babet nor his boat. His father wished in his heart that he had not let the boy go; but this he kept to himself, and, getting away unnoticed, took a boat and was off in the teeth of the storm.

When Babet saw the darkness closing about him, and felt the wind whistle furiously around him, he was not afraid, but got the sail down with all speed and threw the anchor overboard. Capuchin lay perfectly quiet in the bottom of the boat, but with his eye on his little master.

Babet now could see nothing, for the rain was falling in sheets. The roar of the sea was like thunder. It was the worst storm he had ever seen, and he wished his father had come with him; but it was only for a moment that he thought of himself, for above the storm he heard a cry of distress. Capuchin heard it too, and raised himself with his ears alert and his eyes full of excitement. Babet strained his eyes to see over the black water. Then he turned to Capuchin, who was quivering with eagerness.

"Jump, Capuchin," he said; and Capuchin was overboard and out of sight in an instant. In another minute there was a frantic splashing alongside the boat. It was Capuchin tugging with all his might at a burden he was carrying in his mouth. Babet saw that it was a man, and with all his little strength grasped the dog's collar and helped to drag him into the boat.

The man was not dead, but chilled by the cold of the water. "He is a sailor washed overboard from some fishing-boat," thought Babet. "What shall I do for him?"

Capuchin did not ask himself what he should do, for there he was licking the poor man's face with great energy.

The storm was now passing and the darkness was lifting. Babet drew nearer to the poor man lying in the bottom of the boat.

"My father! Ah, it is my father, and Capuchin knew him and I did not!" Babet exclaimed, in a voice which might have been heard above the roar of the sea.

Chandol slowly opened his eyes, and at length realized that it was not he who had saved his child, but it was Babet and Capuchin who had saved him. It was thus that the brave Capuchin and Babet became the heroes of that fête-day.

GROWN-UP LAND.

"GOOD-MORROW, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?"

"Oh, this way and that way — never a stop;
'T is picking up stitches Grandma will drop.
'T is kissing the baby's troubles away,
'T is learning that cross words never will pay,
'T is helping mother, 't is sewing up rents,
'T is reading and playing, 't is saving the cents,
'T is loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town."

"Just wait, my brave lad — one moment, I pray;
Manhood Town lies where — can you tell the way?"

"Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land,
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand —
'T is by climbing up the steep hill Work,
'T is by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'T is by always taking the weak one's part,
'T is by giving the mother a happy heart,
'T is by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town."

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in Grown-up Land.

City and Country.

History and Biography.

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON'S name is not so often spoken as that of his brother George; but he was a man to whom the American people should be grateful, because his influence was so potent in forming the character of his younger brother. George looked up to him with an admiring fondness. Happy is the boy whose hero is worthy of admiration! whose hero can safely be copied! Lawrence was fourteen years older than George, and was born in 1718. They were half-brothers; but the affection between them was stronger than the friendship that often exists between own brothers.

It was the custom in those old days for gentlemen of wealth to send their sons to Europe to be educated. Lawrence was sent abroad when but fifteen years old, and returned after seven years an accomplished young man. But better than his intellectual culture was the beauty of his character.

When George was a little boy, Lawrence went to the West Indies to assist the English in fighting the Spanish. He was a captain, and it is said that his company was distinguished for its bravery. George admired his big brother more than ever, if that were possible, when he saw him in his uniform. The letters from the war were very interesting to the little boy at home; his plays, at this time, were nearly all warlike.

Soon after Lawrence's return, his father died; and in a few months his marriage, delayed on account of his sad bereavement, took place. He married Annie Fairfax, and went to live in a beautiful home on the Potomac, which he named Mount Vernon, for the admiral under whom he served in the West Indies.

Lawrence tried to fill the place of a father to George, and often invited him to his home. As Lawrence was an attractive man, of course many interesting people visited him. It was pleasant for George to meet these people; their society was a helpful influence in forming his character and manners.

Lawrence was a member of the House of Burgesses and District Adjutant-General. In 1751 he decided to make a trip to the Barbadoes, hoping in a milder climate to renew his health. His beloved brother George went with him. At first, the change of scene, the warmer air, the novelty that surrounded him, had a happy effect upon the patient; but after a time he tired of the monotony. He went on to Bermuda. He arrived there too early in the season. The dreaded symptoms appeared again, and he hastened back to his beautiful home on the Potomac, to his lovely wife and baby daughter, only to leave them again for that better country which is free from all sorrow and pain.

This is what Washington Irving says about him: —

"He was a noble-spirited, pure-minded, accomplished gentleman, honored by the public and beloved by his friends. The paternal care ever manifested by him for his youthful brother George, and the influence his own character and conduct must have had upon him in his ductile years, should link their memories together in history, and endear the name of Lawrence Washington to every American."

Our Letter-Box.

THE Editor of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY would acknowledge the receipt of several other letters besides the one which is printed below. H. S. has very cleverly deciphered all the "Hidden Cities," and B. E. A. and S. P. have sent correct answers to the enigmas in Nos. 11 and 12, and have also given us some new ones. The Editor thanks one and all for the interest shown in this department of the paper.

OTTUMWA, IOWA, Jan. 30, 1886.

DEAR EDITOR, — I like EVERY OTHER SUNDAY very much. A friend of mine sends it to me from Groton, Mass. Mamma reads the stories to us in the evening. I have no pets, but I have two dolls and a trunk full of clothes for them. My sisters and I play house in the winter, and we play blackman and hide-and-seek in the summer. With much love. ELSIE THRONE, 8 years old.

ENIGMA X.

My first is in pen but not in ink;
My second is in eat but not in drink;
My third is in bend but not in stoop;
My fourth is in march but not in troop;
My fifth is in *in* but not in *out;*
My sixth is in talk but not in shout;
My whole is a useful utensil
Whose name is simply ——?

GRACE E., 10 years old.
PORTLAND, Ore.

ENIGMA XI.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 2, and 9, is to ask earnestly.
My 10, 8, 9, and 7, is the sharp side of an instrument.
My 17, 18, and 19, is a heavy weight.
My 11, 12, and 13, is a part of the body.
My 6, 11, 17, 14, 15, and 16, is taking food.
My 3, 5, and 4, is a name brothers sometimes give their sisters.
My whole is a little girl's name.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ENIGMA XII.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 14, 15, 2, 16, 17, is strange.
My 12, 5, 22, is a foolish child.
My 4, 8, 9, 10 is an elevation.
My 26, 17, 19, 20, 6, is confidence.
My 25, 23, 18, is the objective of he.
My 24, 13, 5, 3, is an insect.
My 11, 12, 7, is a domestic animal.
My 1, 12, 21, is fiery.
My whole is a maxim it would be well for us all to remember.

STANTON P., aged 13 years.
NEWPORT, R. I.

ENIGMA XIII.

I am composed of 72 letters.
My 5, 1, 13, 7, 38, 36, 6, is the city to which Jonah was sent by the Lord to prophesy against it.
My 48, 2, 9, 57, 35, 15, 57, 45, is the city to which he attempted to go instead.
My 50, 10, 14, 43, 20, 17, 19, 25, 4, 40, 22, 37, 61, is the sea he would have to cross to reach it.
My 57, 27, 31, 67, 3, was what prevented his going there.
My 12, — 30, 9, 29, 47, 54, — 16, 1, 57, 21, was prepared to save Jonah from drowning.
My 15, 71, — 63, 28, 53, — 34, 43, 57, 55, 57, — 8, 56, 23, 69, 68, tells where he is said to have been until he repented of his disobedience.
My 54, 46, 67, 53, 56, — 52, 70, 68, 57, — 12, 61, 66, — 5, 43, 30, 49, 54, 57, is the length of time he is said to have been kept there.
My 1, 20, 57, — 24, 38, 58, 67, 54, 64, 19, 31, 11, is what he prophesied to the city.
My 34, 18, 57, 27, 65, 26, is what the people did when they heard the words of Jonah.
My 57, 6, 24, 11, 7, 72, — 3, 39, 9, 44, 58, is what God then did to them.
My 51, 71, 30, 58, 67, is what Jonah felt when his prophesy was not fulfilled.
My 8, 33, 24, 63, 42, Jonah built for himself outside of the city.
My 30, 23, 59, 32, Jonah felt when God caused the gourd to grow for him.
My 41, 31, 25, 50, caused the gourd to die.
My 34, 60, 43, 71, 48, 56, 62, is what Jonah did then.
My whole is the reply Jonah made to some who asked him who he was.

SQUARE WORDS.

1.
An animal.
A kind of monkey.
A number.

2.
A covering for the head.
Part of the verb to eat.
An article used in writing.

W. W. S.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

16. Where was the apostle Paul born, and to what trade was he brought up?
17. Where was he educated, and by whom?
18. Of what nation was he a citizen, and to what people and sect did he belong?
19. Which apostles were chosen to preach to the Jews, and which to the Gentiles?
20. At the martyrdom of what saint was Paul present?
21. By what name was Paul called in his youth, and when was he first called "Paul"?
22. How many missionary tours did Paul make?
23. Into what countries did he go?
24. Who accompanied him on these tours?
25. Where did Paul write his different epistles?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 12.

Enigma VI. "Love one another."
Three-word Bible Enigma. Shem, Ham, Japheth.
Hidden Mountains of Palestine.

1. Hermon.
2. Lebanon.
3. Sinai.
4. Ebal.
5. Tabor.
6. Carmel.

ACROSTIC No. 1.

Jacob.
Oxen.
Shechem.
Egyptians.
Pharaoh.
Haggi.

Joseph.

Enigma VII. "Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard." — Genesis ix. 20.

For Youngest Readers.

THE PET OF THE PARTY.

BY ONE OF THE AUNTIES.

THE party numbered about seventy-five members starting for the Pacific Coast to spend the winter. We were strangers to one another, and not until we steamed out of Boston did we know whom our fellow travellers were to be. The "Pet" was a bright little girl of a year and a half, with golden curls, blue eyes, and sunny face. As we boarded the train Mamma said, "Everybody will say, 'There comes a woman with a baby; I hope she won't be in our car!'" And the proud aunties said, "But they don't know *our* baby."

Mamma had a private drawing-room and four maids: that is, baby's grandma and three aunties; and baby's papa was there to look after them all. We had not gone far from Boston when baby made herself at home. She crept up and down the aisle, sometimes climbing upon her little feet and smiling; so through her we soon became acquainted, and baby was called "the pet of our car." The next day members from the other cars came to see "that lovely baby," "the baby who never cries," as they said of her. Every day she had callers and always gave each one a smile. She proved a nice little traveller, and in fact seemed to miss the "chu-chus," as she learned to call the cars.

When we reached our destination at Monterey she was still "the pet" not only of the party but of the hotel.

One day she found she could walk alone, which pleased her very much, and she used to run through the halls, into the parlor, out on to the piazza, carrying her dolls with her, and was always very happy. When we entered the dining-room the head waiter would escort her to her chair and lift her up. Then she would look up into his face, smile, and nod her head, which meant, "Thank you." Almost every day we found flowers at baby's plate; but if they were not there the head waiter would bring her a lovely rose which mamma pinned on baby's shoulder.

She had supper in her room at five o'clock; and how do you suppose she ordered it? She ran out in the office to the clerk or bell-boy, and pointed to her open mouth, for she could not talk much then. On being asked if she wanted her supper, she would say, "Um," which meant "yes," and then wait till Peter (who was our waiter) came out of the dining-room with it, and taking hold of his hand would escort him to her mamma's parlor.

We travelled a good deal, and baby was our chief delight. Finally summer came, and we turned our faces homeward, and baby was then the attraction of still another large party which joined ours.

Why do you suppose everybody loves her so? It is because she is so good, so sweet in her manner, and always has a smile for every one.

Some writer has said truly, "The smile of a child — always so ready when there is no distress, and so soon recurring when that distress has passed away — is like an opening of the sky showing heaven beyond." Little girls, and little boys too, keep your faces sunny, have a thought for others, and everybody will love you.

"Our Baby" is now two and a half years old, and is the same lovable little girl. Her name is Gladys, but she calls herself "Ace."

"CAN THERE ANY GOOD THING COME OUT OF NAZARETH?"

"IS NOT THIS THE CARPENTER'S SON?"

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

ANTS AND THEIR SLAVES.

BY DOROTHY VANDYNE.

UNCLE HARRY told us not long ago of the boy Agassiz, who turned for himself many of the leaves of Nature's book. Perhaps you would like to hear what the great French writer Michelet says about the observations of Peter Huber, one of Agassiz's countrymen. Huber was walking one day in a field near Geneva, when he saw a large column of reddish-brown ants on the march. He followed them for about half an hour, when suddenly they stopped before an ant-hill belonging to the small black ant. Here a great fight took place. The black ants tried to defend themselves for a time, then, finding their case hopeless, they rushed in, seized their little ones, and tried to escape. The red-brown ants penetrated into the hill, and coming out each was seen to have a black baby ant in its grasp. What were they going to do with them? This was what the astonished Huber wanted to find out. He followed the thieving red ants back to their own hill, and something more surprising still happened. At the gates of the hill were crowds of little black ants who pressed eagerly forward, and seemed to welcome with great joy the poor little captives. You may be sure that Huber did not let his observations rest here. He found out much more. It seems that the red ants are great lazy fellows, whose only active occupation is stealing. The little black ants are the workers. They build the nests, and bring up not only the little red ants, but the captives as well. They provide food and even put it in the mouths of their masters. Huber put several red ants under a glass case, and some honey with them. Poor things! they had lost the power of feeding themselves, and several starved with food before them. Then Huber put a little black ant under the case, and what did it do but go to work and feed the great dying simpletons! But if I have called the black ants slaves, they are in reality the masters of the kingdom. The red ants are not allowed to go out alone, but are forced to return to the city. They are not even allowed to go out in a body unless their wise little slaves think the weather favorable. If they return without prisoners, the black ants will not allow them to come into the city. Back they have to go to try again, the black ants even dragging them on.

Huber was so astonished at what he saw that he could hardly trust his own eyes. So he asked Juhlin, a great Swedish naturalist, and a number of others to observe with him. They saw again and again these wonderful facts. Michelet himself afterwards saw a similar combat in the park at Fontainebleau, where about five hundred red ants succeeded in carrying off over three hundred of the baby black ants. But do the black ants become reconciled to their position? Yes, perfectly. They even send the red ants on slave-hunting expeditions, and are themselves the real rulers of the kingdom.

Ant life is like human life, after all. There are people who will make great efforts to exact attention, but who would not on any account use the same strength to help themselves. Again, there are others who, like the ant slaves, are willing to occupy servile positions in order that they may more surely, though secretly, rule.

Golden-Text Stories. — No. 12.

BESSIE'S TROUBLE.

BY MRS. S. A. DAVENPORT.

BESSIE was nine years old, and she had a trouble. It was not a great trouble, but it often puckered her smooth forehead with thought, and sometimes kept her awake fully half an hour after she went to bed, which is saying a great deal for a healthy, active little girl, who ran about and played with all her might.

Bessie's mamma was a widow lady and worked on a newspaper. She was always going somewhere to report something, or sitting up late at night to write paragraphs or long accounts of lectures and parties, operas and plays; so her little daughter was very much alone, and had plenty of time to worry over little troubles, and big ones too if there had been any. Bessie went to school, and mamma always contrived if possible to meet her at the restaurant where they took their meals; but for the rest, she was left pretty much to herself. If she had not been a quiet, good little girl, so much freedom might have been bad for her. Still, mamma could not help it; she must work, for they had neither friends nor money. Bessie knew this. She had a high ideal of behavior in her eager, honest little soul, and kept very well up to it.

Saturday night was mamma's one leisure time in all the week, and she was almost always at home. They generally made on that night a little feast in one of the two small rooms in a lodging-house in which they lived, and had supper in the sitting-room. Mamma made the tea, and Bessie set the table with some silver and china left from the days when mamma kept house and was a much richer and happier woman than she was now. Bessie chattered and mamma smiled; both were happy in having a home and fireside and homelike meal this one evening.

But after supper there was always the mending, and this was Bessie's trouble. Mamma was tired, quite worn out, in fact, with the labors of the week; for after the first it is very fatiguing to be forever describing some lady's ball-dress, or praising some opera-singer, or giving an account of Madame So-and-so's grand opening, or the new store of the great dry-goods merchant; and Saturday morning's "All Sorts" column, that read so easily and made people laugh so heartily, cost mamma many a headache. The mending was no slight thing, either; for, quick as mamma might be with her pen, she was very slow with her needle, and there was really a great deal of mending to be done. Mamma's salary was small, yet she must always look nice when she went out; Bessie too must be tidy for school, and things wore out so fast, and it cost so much for rent and food and light and fuel! It was very hard, Bessie thought, that she and mamma could not have this one night for rest and happiness, without any work or care. This mending spoiled mamma's Saturday night.

Bessie used to sit by mamma and hand her the scissors and thread the needles, and say with much feeling, "Oh, Mamma, how I wish I could help you!"

Mamma always stopped her work at this, looked with loving eyes upon her little daughter, and patted or kissed the sweet, bright face, so full of sympathy and affection, uplifted to hers, and then she would say, "You do help me, dear, a great deal; but you are not old enough to sew much, and mending is difficult work." This was pleasant, but it did not help matters or ease Bessie's trouble.

One Saturday night at nine o'clock, just as mamma had at length emptied the weary mending-basket, the washerwoman brought a fresh lot of clothes.

"Ah! here is another batch," said mamma, putting on a comic look of vexation, "and I shan't have a moment's leisure until another Saturday night comes round. Never mind. 'Sufficient unto the day'—or night—'is the evil thereof.'" She crowded the clean clothes into the mending-basket, put the basket into the closet, and shut the door with a snap.

Then they went to bed; but Bessie had a bright idea, and when she had arranged its details in her mind, she went happily to sleep and dreamed a pleasant dream.

"I will give mamma a surprise," said she to herself. "I have a whole week. I will begin early Monday morning, and I will work every night after school until bedtime and every morning before breakfast."

But she had set herself a hard task. She had never sewed any beyond a doll's apron or a towel or two, and she pricked her fingers and picked out the darning in the stockings again and again before it would look right; the thread knotted and broke, and the needles rusted; but she worked resolutely on.

"Won't you come to walk on the Common after school?" said one of her schoolmates; and again another urged her to come to the parade-ground to see the boys play a game of ball.

"No, Sarah," "No, Julia," she said. "I have some very, *very* important work to do, and I cannot go anywhere this week."

She did not even go out to play on the sidewalk for a moment, and became as tired as a seamstress working for a living. She was very grave and earnest, and her rosy face actually grew pale with the intensity of her exertions.

Finally, Saturday morning it was all done. It did not quite satisfy her, but it was done.

At supper that night her face was radiant; she could hardly help laughing aloud and letting out the secret. She talked fast of everything she could think of, and passed the time as well as she could until, when tea was over, mamma went to the closet for the mending-basket. Bessie almost held her breath in expectation of what mamma would say. The garments were smoothly and methodically folded in the basket. Mamma took up one and then another.

"Why!" she said, "what good fairy has been here?"

"It was I, Mamma! It was I!" cried Bessie, running up to her mother and putting her arms around her. "*Don't* you like it?"

"Oh, I've worked so hard this week!" continued Bessie, with an air of importance. "I haven't played a single bit, or been to walk anywhere; but it's all done, and now you can rest to-night."

Mamma had been looking while the little girl was talking. The mending was certainly done, but in rather an original manner. The patches were put on awry, the garments puckered here and drawn up there; the stitches, so carefully and painfully set, were dirty, and tiny drops of blood ran zigzag over the white linen. But the ardent, helpful little soul was seen through all.

"Aren't you glad, Mamma?" asked Bessie, with a tremor in her voice.

Mamma laughed, but there were tears in her eyes as she kissed Bessie.

"Very glad that I have such a good, self-sacrificing little girl; but you must not do it again."

"Why not, Mamma?"

"Because it is not good for you. You must play all you can, and run out in the fresh air and sunshine. My little girl would ruin her health if she sat in the house and sewed."

"But I thought I could do it for you all the time," said Bessie, rather sadly.

"Oh, no, darling! No, indeed!"

Bessie thought a moment.

"But we have to-night," said she gayly, at length.

"Yes, we have to-night," echoed mamma.

And so they had; and mamma talked and laughed more happily than Bessie had heard her for years. Whatever the future might bring, they certainly had that one night of rest and happiness.

Our many deeds, the thoughts that we have thought,
They go out from us, thronging every hour;
And in them all is folded up a power
That on the earth doth move them to and fro;
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought
In hearts we know not, and may never know.

Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much.

Teachers' Department.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

Meeting of February 15, 1886.

The subject for the evening's discussion was, "The Advantage of having a General Teaching-Exercise as a regular part of the work of the Sunday-school." Mrs. Emily O. Kimball, superintendent of the Unitarian Sunday-school in Hartford, Conn., read a carefully prepared paper upon the subject. She began by defining a "general teaching-exercise," as one conducted by the superintendent, or some other person, using the whole school as if it were one class; the main point being that the attention of *all* should be directed to one subject. She prefaced her consideration of the advantages to be gained from such an exercise, by the statement that it was not in any way to take the place of the personal influence of the teachers, or of any teaching strictly educational, alluding also to the fact that it is not so well fitted for the interest or improvement of the older scholars as of the younger. The advantage of a general exercise is based upon five facts: first, its foundation upon the fundamental principle of our nature that human beings are made to act together; second, the mutual stimulus thus obtained; third, economy of time; fourth, the advantage that accrues to the teachers, since it is in some respects better than a teacher's meeting; fifth, the fact that it unifies the school, doing away with class or caste feeling, and accenting the fact of human brotherhood. The superintendent who uses such an exercise should have exceptional ability. He should be able to carry all his hearers with him, or it would be a waste of time and strength. It should not occupy much time, and only such things as the following should be attempted: memorizing scripture, learning to give in plain language definitions of the leading doctrines of Unitarianism, — of faith, religion, etc., — and committing to memory such facts of sacred history as are deemed important for every Sunday-school scholar to know, and which can be taught in a few words. Questions from teachers and scholars were to be encouraged, and a black-board might be used to illustrate. It should not be a lecture or a continuous talk.

Mrs. Kimball told an interesting incident which well illustrated the benefit gained by such an exercise. She said: —

"We have always had such an exercise in our school at Hartford; and one of our pupils was at a Sunday-school concert in another denomination when the question was asked, 'What is religion?' The other children had the usual vague idea, but had never been taught to store it in their minds, permanently encased in words, and so were silent. The question was then asked, 'Can any one in the room tell?' and thereupon our little representative modestly arose and said, 'Religion is to love and serve God, to love and help men, and to do and be what is right and good.' The pastor was so pleased with the clear, definite response that he asked, 'My dear, where did you learn that?' 'In the Unitarian Sunday-school,' the child replied, and the incident probably did more to correct the impression that Unitarians do not teach religion, than a dozen lectures from the minister could have done."

Mr. C. Howard Wilson, superintendent of the Unitarian Sunday-school in Newton Centre, followed Mrs. Kimball. He thought the Sunday-school had two aims, one of which, — *the building up of character*, — it held in common with the home, and the day-school; the other, its own peculiar mission, — *the training of the young for the church*. The latter he held to be the great, indeed the only, reason for the existence of the Sunday-school. The school accomplished that result by means of four agents, — the service of worship, the teaching by classes, the library, the general teaching-exercise. Was there time or reason for this last? There should be, or it should not exist. What was the good result to be obtained by it that the others did not gain? He answered that question by telling what he did with his own school. If a teacher complained that her class were not interested in their lessons, he took their lesson next Sunday and interested *all* in it; before the various festivals of the church or public holidays he talked with his school of their origin or meaning; if a great man died, a flood came, a train ran off the track, — each event served him with a text; so that the Sunday-school seemed to the scholars to belong to the world, not to be outside of it. He closed by giving some of the advantages of such an exercise as he saw them. First, its help in the discipline of the school; second, the information given, which is for some reason more easily remembered for being learned by all together; third, the excellent opportunity of connecting the Sunday-school with the outside world; fourth, the opportunity to rouse an interest not to be awakened in any other way; fifth, its making the Sunday-school a unit, which is reason enough for its existence, if there were no other.

The general discussion was then opened, and taken part in by a large number.

Rev. H. G. Spaulding, Secretary of the Society, being first called upon, said that a discussion of this subject had lately been carried on in the "Sunday-School Times." An order of exercises which one correspondent of that paper had laid down for superintendents, would show the conclusion arrived at by the editor, and apparently agreed to by his readers:

"1. Don't talk. 2. Attend to the exercises of the school. 3. Don't talk. 4. Look after the classes. 5. Don't talk."

Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells felt that a general teaching-exercise was an excellent thing for the younger classes and would work best where the one-topic system was in use; but as a teacher of older scholars she, who never yet was given time enough for her class-teaching, must object to it. While it did help to unify the school, it lessened the teacher's influence, — a most important matter with older classes.

Rev. E. R. Butter, of the Warren Street Chapel, Boston, felt that nothing which could be the means of creating oneness of interest could possibly be time poorly spent.

Mr. H. B. Wells, the first President of the Union, being called upon to give his opinion, expressed himself as agreeing with Mrs. Wells, as did also Miss V. J. Warren of Brighton, and Mr. J. E. Thomas of the Second Church, Boston, who spoke later in the evening, both being, like Mrs. Wells, teachers of older classes.

Mr. E. T. Horne said he was ready to be converted. He felt it would be necessary, however, that the general exercise should be one that should not interfere with the teacher's work by taking the minds of the scholars from their lessons.

Rev. Pitt Dillingham of Charlestown, felt that Unitarians, in their shrinking from the catechisms of the Evangelical and Catholic Churches, had gone to the other extreme, and that anything that would aid in bringing up a generation of Unitarians who should think alike, could not fail to be of value.

Mrs. Kimball wished it to be understood that the only advantage in a general exercise was in its use as an *adjunct* to the other work of the school. It should never be used for explanation — which takes too long — but for simple presentation of facts and ideas. Great mistakes were made in trying to explain to scholars what was already plain.

Rev. Brooke Herford had tried all plans, and felt that it was the better way not to have any plan, but let the general exercise be used only where there seemed a real call for it. On the whole, he rather favored the rules, one, three, and five, quoted by Mr. Spaulding.

Mr. J. O. Norris and Mr. R. C. Metcalf, of Winchester, agreed with Mr. Herford that the occasional use of such an exercise would be better than its regular use, Mr. Metcalf thinking that it should always be given them after the lessons and not before, which Mr. Wilson stated was his custom.

NOTES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

Lesson Calendar. — No. 23. Self-Sacrifice.
No. 24. Disinterestedness.

Self-Sacrifice. In a recent volume on "The Discipline of the Christian Character," Dean Church thus sets before us what is, in his mind, the central principle of the religion of Christ: 'Love, — love that could not be doubted, that kept back nothing, that accepted no limit, — spoke and revealed itself, as it never had done, supreme and paramount in the words and ministry of Jesus Christ. . . . After him, the *soul* and energetic principle of religion could be only love, — love with its freedom, its inventiveness, its fearlessness, its generosity, its joy. Obedience to God must take the shape of love. *After such a self-sacrifice*, self-sacrifice and self-devotion must become, not an occasional heroism, but *the natural and habitual mood of the religious soul*."

Perhaps, to the modern way of looking at life, the word self-devotion is better, that is to say, is less theological or technical than self-sacrifice. What is demanded of us is, that we give up to others, in the sense of devoting to their good, that which we value as being part of ourselves. Such self-sacrifice is not the waste, but the true enrichment of self.

A good story about giving to others that which it may be hard for us to give is told by Miss Martineau, in the little volume of "Short Sermons to Children." The hero of the story is a young man who is asked to teach a class of unruly boys in a Sunday-school. At first he refuses. Sunday is the only day he has *for himself*. Besides, he does not care much for children, and dislikes teaching above all things. But at church that Sunday the minister preached from the text: "Give and it shall be given unto you." Those, he said, who could not give money, could give their time and sympathy, or could share what they knew. The young man's heart smote him as he asked himself the question: "What am I giving to any one?" So he consented to take the Sunday-school class just for once. But the boys were rude and noisy, and made fun of him, and when the hour was over he decided that he would not take the class again. Then the preacher's word "*Give*" seemed to ring in his ears once

more, and he resolved to give of his time and his patience for another Sunday to the class that had given him so much trouble. The work did not prove much easier at this second trial; but he succeeded in reaching one of the class, and left the school in a more hopeful state of mind. By a third Sunday all the boys began to take an interest, and the young teacher thought no more of the difficulties of teaching, or of the comfort he had sacrificed. He soon realized that he who gives of his best to help, or instruct, or inspire others is sure of the blessed reward that the Master promised, when he said: "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."

Disinterestedness. The reference just made to the *rewards* of self-sacrifice seems to contradict the truth that our self-devotion to the good of others should always be disinterested. But it is a dull or a perverse mind that fails to perceive the wide difference between our recognizing the fact that goodness is rewarded, and our pursuing goodness *for the sake* of the reward; and only the mind that is wilfully obstinate refuses to distinguish between the reward that answers to what men call profit or advantage, and the reward that is reaped in an inward harvest of spiritual growth and a "closer walk with God."

Is it wrong, then, to teach our children to be good that they may be happy, and to warn them from the evil of sin by depicting the miseries which sin always brings upon the sinner? Yes, and no. It is wrong to ignore the hard facts of life, to blind the child's understanding to that which, sooner or later, he will surely perceive, — that what we ordinarily call happiness and misery are not apportioned to men in strict accordance with their moral deserts. But it is not wrong to assert that, in the long run, and measured by the larger scales of history and life, goodness brings happiness to men and to nations; and sin involves them in misery. The whole truth, however, requires us to teach uncompromisingly that the way of goodness is the "*more excellent way*," whether in this earthly life it be attended by happiness or clouded by misery; that we are always absolutely sure of "the supreme ends of life," and that they who "sow to the spirit," however hard and painful the husbandry may be, will "*of the spirit* reap eternal life."

So much of the great problem of rewards and punishments may be set forth to illustrate the worth and the beauty of disinterested goodness.

THE LATE HENRY P. KIDDER.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Directors of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, held Feb. 15, 1886, the following resolution, introduced by the Secretary, was unanimously adopted. On motion of Rev. G. H. Young, it was voted to publish the resolution in the "Christian Register" and Every Other Sunday, and also to send a copy of the same to the family of Mr. Kidder:

"The Directors of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society desire to place upon its records an expression of their sense of the great loss sustained by the Society and by the cause of Sunday-schools in the death of Henry P. Kidder. In his early manhood, he was actively devoted to the moral and religious welfare of the young, as a Sunday-school teacher and superintendent. In later years, by his generous annual contributions to the Sunday-School Society as well as by the provision of his will, he continued to manifest his interest in the objects which the Society seeks to promote. But more and better than all these special services and gifts was the influence of his daily life, — the example of a rare integrity, an unfailing kindness, a thoughtful and consecrated helpfulness. For this priceless legacy to our youth, the friends of religious education honor and cherish his memory."

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

I see that a correspondent uses the expression, "Boston Sunday-School Society." Is there any such organization?

No. Our Western friends sometimes erroneously employ that title to designate the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, the head-quarters of which are in Boston, at 7 Tremont Place; but our Society takes in the whole country, — West as well as East. It is national, paternal, and fraternal to all younger enterprises, counting them not as rivals, but semi-auxiliary.

Ought not memory to be used more in Unitarian Sunday-schools?

Yes. Mechanical Bible learning is not our danger.

What is a good book for teachers?

With judicious sifting, Trumbull's "Teaching and Teachers."

What do you think of object-teaching in a Sunday-school class?

It cannot but be of great help when intelligently used. Probably our instruction fails greatly just there, in the appeal to eye and imagination. A teacher does well who introduces photographs to enforce and illustrate some reference or teaching.

What new manuals are in preparation by the Sunday-School Society?

One on the Old Testament characters, by Rev. C. F. Dole; another series of parable-teachings, by Mrs. Wilson; and some illustrated infant-class cards, on a new plan, by Mrs. Patten.

Would you interrupt the singing in the introductory services to have a stanza repeated, for practice?

Yes; though it would not be well to do this too much, lest the devotional element be lost. But a tune badly sung is not conducive to devotion, and the sooner the jar is cured, the better for future good.

How can monotony in the introductory exercises be avoided?

This comes from a school where the superintendent uses the same service and hymns too much. We answer, Let the teachers and pupils offer suggestions. As a rule, superintendents are glad to receive aid to variety by requests for special tunes and services.

What do you think of black-board exercises in the Sunday-school?

If this question refers to a general, whole-school lesson, before class-lessons, we answer, They are of dubious nature. Equally good Sunday-school educators differ on this point. The theory of a general introductory talk on the topic of the day by superintendent or pastor is attractive; on paper it is quite convincing. But if we test the theory by actual practice, we find that nine individuals out of ten do not know when to stop, and so rob the teachers of their scant time; do not know how to hit the mark of the heart of the subject, and so scatter and confuse the leading truths; do not know how to talk to children, and so "fire over their heads." If the talk is made, the black-board ought to be helpful.

Our Book Table.

Note. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 7 *Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

Class A.

Books for Youngest Pupils.

Four Feet, Two Feet, and No Feet; or, Furry and Feathery Pets, and How they Live. Edited by Laura E. Richards. Fully illustrated. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. pp. 282. Price, $1.75.

The stories in this book are short, being of just the right length for nursery readings. They are delightfully told, and will interest Mamma as well as the little ones. The illustrations are unusually good. In this day of numberless books, whose *raison d'être* (aside from the purpose of sale) is uncertain, and in which illustrations are only too frequently used merely for "filling," and are poor at that, this book stands out as exceptionally excellent.

Class B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

A Family Flight through Mexico. By Rev. E. E. Hale and Miss Susan Hale. Fully illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company. pp. 301. Price, $2.50.

Those who have enjoyed the other books of this series will doubtless be interested in this. It does not, however, show the careful work we are familiar with in the earlier writings of these authors, and which one hopes to find in anything honored by their names. The information conveyed flavors very strongly of the guide-book, and the *dramatis personæ* add very little charm to the narrative.

Class C.

Books for Teachers and Members of Adult Classes.

Helps by the Way. Compiled by S. W. W. and M. S. H. With an introduction by Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. pp. 197. Price, $1.00.

This new manual of daily devotion is on the same plan with the familiar "Day Unto Day," published many years ago by the American Unitarian Association. It gives for every day a Scripture verse, which is followed by an illustrative prose selection, and a few lines of poetry. The compilers have done their work extremely well. The quotations, both in poetry and prose, are fresh, apt, suggestive and inspiring.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

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